Per. An Armour, friends; I pray you let me see it?
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath me,
With rhis strict charge, euen as he left his life;
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and poynted to this Brayse:
For that it saued me, keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lou'd it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't agayne:
I thanke thee for't, my ship-wracke now's no ill,
Since I haue here my father gaue in his Will.

1. What meane you, sir?

Per. To begge of you (kind friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King;
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraignes Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. Why, wilt thou Turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why di'e take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you, my friend, twas wee that made vp this Garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certaine Condolements, certayne Vailes: I hope sir, if you thriue, you'le remember from whence you had them.

Per. Beleeue't, I will:
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.

Vpon

Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the Gazar ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a paire of bases.

2. Wee'le sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best Gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph?

1. *Lord.* They are, my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, We are ready, and our Daughter
Heere, in honour of whose birth, these Tryumphs are,
Sits heere like beauties child, whom Nature gat,
For men to see; and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merrit's lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so; for Princes are
A modell which Heauen makes like to it selfe:
As Iewels loose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes if not respected:
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertayne
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preserue my honour Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:
The word: *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holdes his life of you.

The second Knight.

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

Thai. A

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